THE

Theatrical Observer;

AND

Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—*Othello.*

No. 5616. *Friday, Dec.* 20, 1839. *Price* 1*d.*

"The Play's the thing."—Ask for *Thomas's Observer.*

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

The Rivals was repeated last night to a brilliant assemblage. *The Beggar's Opera* was the afterpiece.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

YESTERDAY evening *Der Freyschutz* was repeated for the third time with *Monsieur Mallet*, and the Divertisement of *La Foire de Naples.* In the latter the talented Chiavri Family made their first appearance, and executed the *Pas de Coco* with universal applause.—The house was tolerably well attended.

HAY-MARKET THEATRE.

The Rivals, Paddy Carey, and *The Portrait of Cervantes,* were performed here last night.

National Theatre, New York. Mr Wallack's Farewell Address.—We extract the following from a New York paper of the 19th ult. "The National Theatre closed last night in a burst of pathos, sentiments, regrets, speeches, sympathy, and hopes of the future. Droll times! A full account of the present state of Theatricals, in a day or two. Satan is among us. Forrest played *Macbeth* indifferently well. At the fall of the curtain there were loud cries for "Forrest!" "Wallack!" "Wallack!" and at length Mr. Forrest came out at the stage-door, bowed thrice, laid his hand on his heart, looked unutterable things and withdrew. The cries for Wallack was then renewed, and at length the manager appeared; not certainly with all his accustomed bearing, for he seemed somewhat cast down, and his countenance was "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." As soon as the cheering had subsided, Mr. Wallack addressed the audience:—Ladies and Gentleman,—These are the only cheering moments I have had for some time past. May I hope that it is an omen that my day is not quite over yet? I come in obedience to your call, although it is a melancholy moment to myself; yet I endeavour to bear up against the spirit that o'erpresses me, and to pay my parting adieu to you with the best grace that circumstances will admit of. I close this Theatre, Ladies and Gentlemen, because I have not the means of carrying it on. It has not answered my expectations, and it is useless sinking further into the vortex, and thereby not merely paralysing my own efforts for the future, but also those of friends. Two years ago I opened the National Theatre at a time when it was bacly furnished, and I had to bring it to everything that was necessery to the carrying out of my designs. How I succeeded the public can and have said. In a conflagration of 35 minutes I lost all that I possessed, except my own untiring energies in your service. For the sake of those attached to me I took and opened this house. It has not succeeded, and, with their full approval, now close it. My friends could not be gratified to see me still further

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involved, and I am not disposed to indulge my foes with such an expensive luxury. I have said that the old National Theatre was badly furnished when I took it. I can now say that the new one (loud cheering,) which—will—must—and shall go up, will be furnished for me, and that too in such a style as will make it worthy of the audience. I shall endeavour to entertain them. It is possible that I may, in the mean time, erect my standard on other ground, but should I not, Ladies and Gentlemen, until September the 1st, 1840, I most respectfully bid you farewell, and then, if I live, and no earthquake happen to swallow the building up, be assured that I shall welcome you within the walls of the new Metropolitan Theatre."

Fashionable Lounges.

To the Editor of The Theatrical Observer.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Just wish to say a word—beg pardon, but will you excuse me—I have to mention that I've arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends and the fashionable world at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town :—

Monday, stroll'd to Madame TUSSAUD's elegant Exhibition, Golden Corinthian Saloon, Baker-st., Portman Sq.—Just added to their unrivalled collection, the splended full length figures of Calvin, John Knox, and Luther; also a beautiful new Group, consisting of Her Majesty, in her Robes of State, the Duchess of Kent, &c. The Rooms have been redecorated with superb Looking Glass.

Tuesday, pop into the COSMORAMA, 209, Regent Street, to view the new and splendid views now exhibiting—quite delighted. Much amused with the astonishing feats of *The Industrious Fleas*, which are also daily to be seen here.

In my way from the Theatre, drop into the *Harmonic Meeting*, held at EVANS's Grand Hotel, King Street, Covent Garden,—quite delighted with the excellence of the singing, and the cheapness of the fare. When Mrs. P. is out of town, stay a week, and only pay a guinea for bed and breakfast. I'm always to be found on Wednesday, at half-past five, at the Convivial Dinner held here.

Wednesday, pay a visit to the Somerset Gallery, Strand, next to Somersot House, to witness *The Industrious Fleas* go through their extraordinary performance of dancing, riding, driving, &c. also two Fleas deciding an affair of honour sword in hand. I then visited the Royal Glass Working Exhibition, paid only sixpence for admission, and received an article in return.

Thursday, drop into *The Florentine Anatomical Museum*, 27, Margaret Street, Regent Street, to admire the splendid Anatomical Figures of Venus & Adonis, modelled from nature, and as large as life,

"All good *spirits* come to my *Beck*," at his Dr. Johnson's Tavern, Bolt Court, Fleet Street—where you meet excellent company—capital fare at *fair* prices—delightful singing—(commences every evening at a quarter to nine,) cigars, billiards, good beds, and an enticing bill of fare,

Wishing to purchase my autumn stock of Hats, pop't into RICHARDS's, 125, Strand—found he had a most splendid assortment of elegant light, and durable Beaver Hats—ordered a couple to be sent home immediately.—Made a memorandum, "RICHARDS & Co. 125, Strand, the only house in London for good hats."

Friday, called at Emmett's, 27, Holborn Hill, to view his Novel Pen Maker by which any one can make a superior Pen in less than one minute—also his much improved Needle Threader, to enable Ladies, whose sight is impairad to thread their needles with the greatest ease—a most ingenious contrivance.

After the Theatre, call in at the *Wrekin Tavern*, Broad Court, Bow Street, where HEMMING, of the Haymarket Theatre, has just opened a capital new Supper Room for the accomodation of parties visiting the Theatres—took Mrs P. highly respectable.—A good substantial *Table d'Hote* every day at half-past four, charge only 1s. 6d.—lots of fun!

"Why are my eyes like Balfe's Opera of *The Maid of Artois?*" "Because they've got the *Light of Other Days* in them!" through trying the efficacy of GRIMSTONE's Herbacious Eye Snuff—a 2s. 4d. & 1s. 3d. Canister restored my visual organs—quite a miracle—left off my spectacles.—Bought at 39, Broad-st. Bloomsbury—have a care to the inventor's signature—and that it is patronized by the Royal Family and authorized by her Majesty's Treasury on each canister.

On Saturday, I examine *Miss Linwood's* curious Needle Work, Leicester Square—just added other beautiful specimens of her art.—But I intrude—beg pardon.—Your's &c.—PAUL PRY.

THEATRE ROYAL

COVENT GARDEN.

UNDER the MANAGEMENT of Madame VESTRIS.

This Evening, (32nd *Time*) a New Original Play, in Five Acts, written by
JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES,
called

L O V E !

The Scenery by Messrs. GRIEVE, T. GRIEVE, & W. GRIEVE.
Decorations, by Mr. W. BRADWELL, Dresses, by Mr. HEAD, &c.

Duke of Carinthia ..... Mr COOPER,
Prince Frederick of Milan, Mr SELBY,
Count Ulrick..... Mr DIDDEAR,
Sir Rupert of Lorch, } *Knights* { Mr J. VINING,
Sir Otto of Steinberg, } *Knights* { Mr WIGAN,
Sir Conrad of Hohenfels, } *Knights* { Mr FITZJAMES,
Huon, (a Serf,) Mr ANDERSON,
Herald, Mr C. J. SMITH, Stephen, Mr PAYNE,
Nicholas, Mr AYLIFFE, Falconor, Mr COLLETT,
The Empress, Mrs BROUGHAM,
The Countess of Eppenstein, Miss ELLEN TREE,
(Her 31st Appearance here since her return from America.)
Katherine, (an enfranchised Serf) Madame VESTRIS,
Christina, Miss LEE.
Bertha..... ....Mrs EMDEN,

In the Course of the Evening, the **BAND** will perform the
Overture to - "Fra Diavolo," - Auber.
Leader, Mr HUGHES,

After which, GAY's

Beggar's Opera.

The Dresses, &c. will be of the period of the original production of the Play—1728.

Beggar, Mr GRANBY, Player, Mr SELBY,
Captain Macheath, ... Mr W. HARRISON,
Peachum, Mr W. FARREN,
Lockit, Mr BARTLEY, Filch, Mr HARLEY,
Mat o' the Mint, Mr S. JONES,
Polly Peachum ..... Miss RAINFORTH,
Lucy Lockit, Madame VESTRIS,
Mrs Coaxer, Mrs EMDEN, Jenny Diver, Miss JACKSON

TO CONCLUDE WITH

A Dance by the Characters.

To-morrow, Love, and The Beggar's Opera.

Theatre Royal, Haymarket.

This Evening, (33rd Time) a New and Original Play. in Five Acts, by
SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, BART,
called The

SEA-CAPTAIN;

Or, THE BIRTHRIGHT!

Time, occupied by the Action, One Day. Date, Reign of Elizabeth
Percy, Lord Ashdale, (*Heir of Lady Arundel.*) Mr J. WEBSTER,
Sir Maurice Beevor, (*Cousin to Lady Arundel,*) Mr STRICKLAND,
Norman, (*Captain of a Ship of War,*) Mr MACREADY
Falkner, (*his Lieutenant,*) Mr HOWE,
Giles Gaussen..... (*a Pirate,*).... .....Mr O. SMITH,
Luke, & Michael, (*Pirates,*) Mr GALLOT, & Mr GREEN,
Onslow, (*a Priest, Foster Father to Norman,*) Mr PHELPS,
Landlord, Mr T. F. MATHEWS, Waiters, Mr WORRELL,
Sailors, Servants. &c,

Lady Arundel, (*a Countess in her own right,*) Mrs WARNER,
Violet,.... (*Consin to Lord Ashdale,*) .... Miss P. HORTON.
Mistress Prudence,.....Mrs W. CLIFFORD.

After which, (*at Second Price*) Sheridan's Comedy of

THE RIVALS!

With the Costume of the period of its original production, January 17th, 1775.

Sir Anthony Absolute ..... Mr STRICKLAND,
Faulkland, Mr PHELPS,
Captain Absolute ..... Mr WALTER LACY,
Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Mr POWER,
Acres..... ....Mr WEBSTER,
David, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Fag, Mr WORRELL, Coachman, Mr GOUGH,
Mrs Malaprop, Mrs GLOVER,
Lydia Languish. Mrs W. LACY, (late Miss Taylor,)
Julia, Mrs WARNER,
Lucy ..... Miss P. HORTON.

To-morrow, (Last Night,) The Merchant of Venice, His Last Legs, and Our Mary Anne.

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